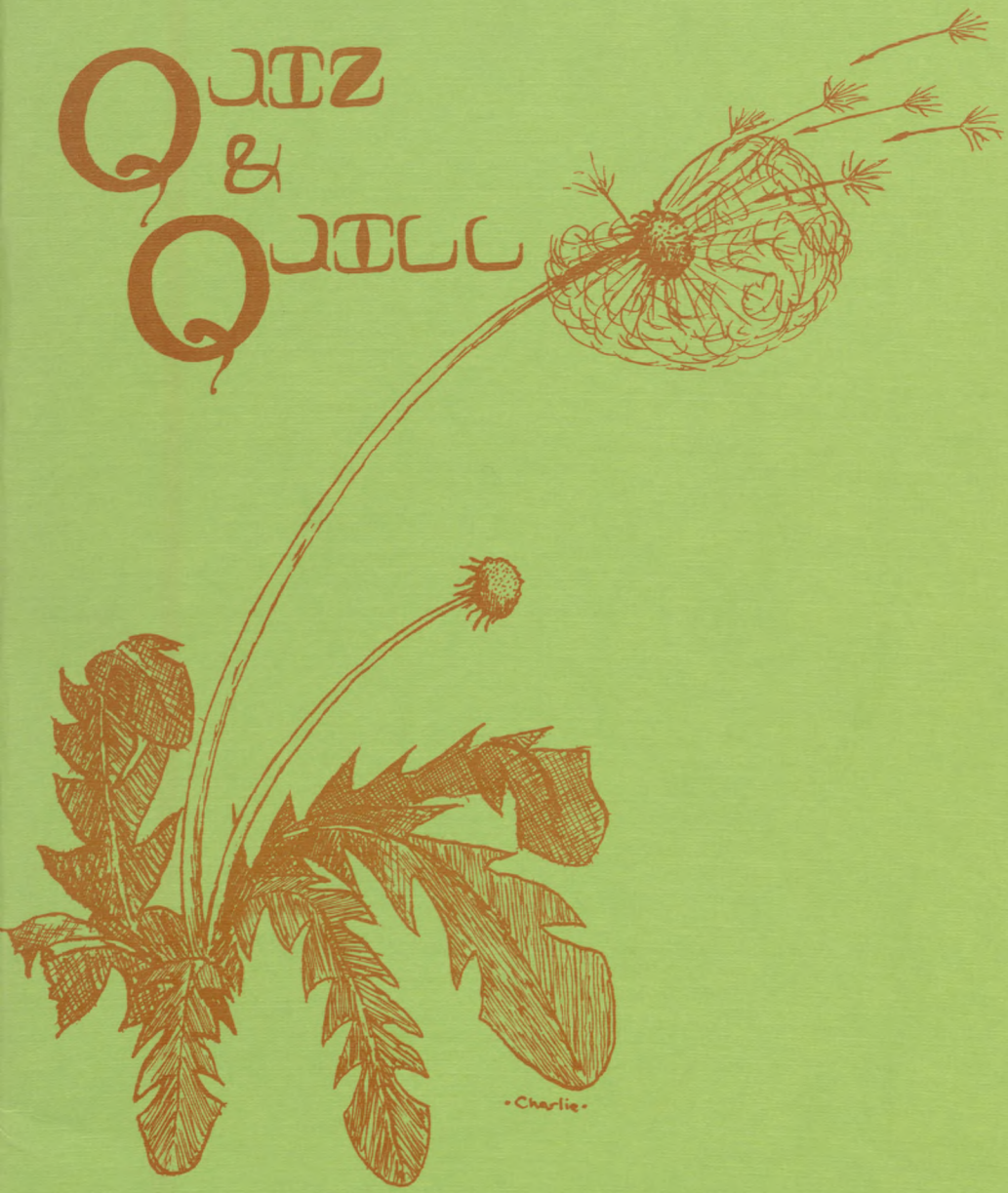
Spring 1982

1982 Spring Quiz & Quill Magazine

Otterbein University

Quiz & Quill



QUIZ and QUILL

Issue
for
1982

Published by
Quiz and Quill

Co-Editors:
Amy Shaw
Les Epstein

Production:
Vicki Caldwell
Juli Slack
Lisa Foust
Sue Shipe

Content:
Loretta Hardman

Art:
Charlie Daruda

Faculty Advisors:
Cecile Gray
Douglas Gray

Published at Otterbein College
Westerville, Ohio

Spring 1982

Preface

The literary work of Otterbein's past and present—its current students and its alumni—comprise this issue of *Quiz and Quill,* and each piece comes from inspiration. This vital force clearly has touched every generation of Otterbein's students; we fit into the literary tradition. The cultivation of ideas, as the alumni contributions to this issue show, is possible only with experience: as one matures, he gains a clearer perspective of the world around him. And based on models from the past, the thoughts and the ideas of the young begin to grow.

We wish to dedicate this issue to all writers—young and old, established and unknown—who share the goal of writing literature, of sharing their inspiration with others. Bernie Taupin explains what we mean:

I held a dandelion
That said the time had come
To leave upon the wind
Not to return,
When summer burned the earth again

Cultivate the freshest flower
This garden ever grew,
Beneath these branches
I once wrote such childish words for you.
But that's okay.
There's treasure children always seek to find,
And just like us
You must have had
A once upon a time

Amy Shaw, Co-editor
Les Epstein, Co-editor

Literary Awards

Quiz and Quill Critical Essay Contest

First Award ..... Linda Heine
Second Award ..... Amy Shaw

Quiz and Quill Personal Essay Contest

Second Award ..... Kaye Stith
Third Award ..... Doug Stanley
Honorable Mention ..... Dan Hughes

Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest

First Award ..... Juli Slack
Second Award ..... Kathy Arledge
Third Award ..... Timothy McMasters
Honorable Mention ..... Anne Barnes

Quiz and Quill Short Story Contest

First Award ..... Timothy McMasters

Roy A. Burkhart Religious Poetry Contest

First Award ..... Jan Robinson
Second Award ..... Emilie Stewart

Contents

Three Little Pigs in the Land of Atari

First Prize, Quiz and Quill Critical Essay Contest

Is there a place in the lives of modern children for traditional fairy tales? Aren't modern children far too sophisticated and realistic to be interested in stories that begin: "In olden days when wishing still helped one . . . ."? Bruno Bettelheim thinks that a place indeed exists. He writes that fairy tales help the child discover his identity by speaking to the child's inner conflicts. Through identification with the hero, the child can use the fairy story to consider his emotions from a safe distance and be assured that his conflicts will be resolved. It's fun to pretend to be a character in the story; but if the role becomes threatening, the child can claim safety in reality. Through this identification process, Bettelheim says, the child is encouraged to search for his own solutions to his problems.

Freud believed that fantasy is a means to discover unconscious material. Jung thought that unconscious thoughts were made known to the person through symbols and were necessary for integration of the personality. Although Adler thought that fantasy was helpful to reveal a life lie, his concern was that too much identification could reinforce a negative prototype, particularly since prototype decisions and fairy tales occupy the same time span of a child's life. The modernization of fairy tales may reflect this concern. In modern versions, the wolf just chases the pigs; he doesn't eat them. Editors feel that the violence would be too frightening for the child. Bettelheim, in contrast, thinks that when the evil in the story is dealt with in a swift and violent manner, the child feels secure that the world is a just and predictable place. Gentle and ambiguous punishments make the child feel insecure. The purpose of this paper is to demonstrate the reactions of thirteen children (ranging from three to fifteen years of age) to the "Three Little Pigs" and "Little Red Cap."

The youngest group of children consisted of Justin (who is eight), Ryan, Erika and Carrie (all in Kindergarten) and preschoolers Markie and Tracy. Their reactions, like their ages, fell in three separate categories. The first story I read to them was "Three Little Pigs." At the end of the story, I asked them who they would like to be. The Kindergarten children all said the third little pig. They felt quite proud, as if they could vicariously experience the joy of having defeated the big bad wolf. When I asked them if they were ever worried that the wolf would get the third little pig, with wide eyes they said, "Yes, he was a scary wolf." Carrie was quiet and when I asked if he had been worried, he burst out with the statement, "I hate the wolf!" "Was he scary?" I asked. "No." "Was he mean?" "No, I just hate him." Shortly afterwards, Carrie went off to play away from the group, thus intimating to me that whatever he felt,

he was not ready at that time to deal with it. Since the story was "not real" he was allowed to reject it until he was ready.

Next, I read "Little Red Cap" and as I progressed, the children became quite fidgety. Their attention was flagging, but in addition to being bored, they seemed to be uneasy. At the end, they didn't want to talk about the story and Erika went immediately to her mother for a hug. It seemed to me that they had had enough wolves for one afternoon. I had the sense that to Erika the wolf represented external fears. I think perhaps if the fears were internal, she would have withdrawn like Carrie or shown some aggression in her play immediately following. Instead, she reached out for reassurance from her mother. The mother said that Erika's fears currently center around darkness and monsters.

From a more concrete viewpoint, Justin thought that both Little Red Cap and Grandma were quite stupid. "Anyone," he said, "would know that it was a wolf." He wasn't afraid of any wolves and he felt a strong identification with the woodsman. The whole situation seemed absolutely ridiculous to him. I was a little bothered by his refusal even to consider another viewpoint. From my experience with Justin, I've concluded that denial is the defense mechanism he uses most often. In choosing this form of repression, Justin has difficulty integrating negative concepts in himself and in his environment.

In contrast, preschoolers Markie and Tracy thought the entire process was great fun. They laughed, applauded, growled and squealed throughout. They liked the pigs and the wolf both, and as soon as the stories were finished, they jumped down to play wolf and pig. First one would be the wolf chasing the pig, then the other. They made no moral differentiation between good or bad; it seemed they could become either animal with equal enthusiasm—little explosions of pure id. Finally, they drew me into the game and I got to be the wolf first, then the pig. They did not identify my adultness with the wolf.

The second group of children ranged from 10 to 12 years of age. To my surprise, after just a few moments of nervous giggling, Kevin, Shannon, Shawn and Todd took the entire matter quite seriously. Their comments were more concrete and less fantastic in identification. They were impressed that "Little Red Cap" was the original Grimm translation of "Little Red Riding Hood," and they were quick to interpret the moral of the "Three Little Pigs": "People should plan ahead when they build a house." In response to "Little Red Cap," the lesson was "Children should obey their mothers." The morals were entirely superficial and even with suggestions from me, they weren't inclined to generalize at all. When I asked them to identify with a character in "Little Red Cap," I was surprised that only two chose the woodsman. Todd liked him for the predictable reason that he "Saved the day." He also liked the idea that the woodsman wasn't either eaten or killed. Shannon

said, "He's smart like me. He figured out that the wolf had eaten the people." Shawn and Kevin both chose the wolf. When I asked why, they just said, "He was only hungry. He just wanted to eat something." Even when I asked why the wolf didn't eat the cake and wine Little Red Cap had brought for Grandma, their lack of a good reason didn't dissuade them from their stance that the wolf was just hungry.

Upon considering the characters in the "Three Little Pigs," they all agreed that the third pig was the smartest and that the wolf was bad. I asked them why this wolf was evil and the other wolf was just hungry. "He was greedy," they said. "It would have been all right if he had eaten one or even two pigs, but to try and eat all three was just plain greedy." Still puzzled that they insisted on siding with the wolf in the earlier story I asked, "Don't you feel sorry for Little Red Cap?" Kevin answered, "No! She's a spoiled brat. She got exactly what she deserved." Kevin seemed quite comfortable with the sense of violent justice that Bettelheim wrote about.

Tammy, at fifteen, had quite the opposite view of Little Red Cap. She felt that the rule the child disobeyed was a minor one and that it was a good thing for Little Red Cap to make some decisions on her own, which was an interpretation one might expect a person her age to have. But she had an interesting idea about the wolf. She didn't think the wolf had anything against Little Red Cap personally, but rather that he had been hurt at some time in his life and eating her was an act of revenge. Concluding the discussion, I said, "And the woodsman was the hero?" "No, not really," she said. "I mean it was good that he saved Little Red Cap and all, but really this situation was between the wolf and the girl and he was kind of butting in. But he isn't a bad man; he meant well." I wondered if this remark could be a reflection of a significant other in her life. I could see relevence in her identification with Little Red Cap, who was determining her own value system; perhaps she saw her demanding father as the wolf and myself as the person who means well, but interferes with their relationship. There was a clear and interesting progression from the concrete reasoning of the ten to twelve group to the formal thinking of Tammy.

In a different session, Laura, a mature twelve-year-old, also thought that Little Red Cap's disobedience was not wrong, but a decision to do something the grandmother would appreciate. Laura did, however, choose the woodsman as her favorite character because he saved everyone. With a detatched attitude, she commented that the wolf in "Little Red Cap" was smarter than the wolf in the "Three Little Pigs" because he got all the people he wanted to. Laura was interested and attentive, but didn't appear to project herself onto the characters the way the other children did. I felt a tension between her high level of attention and her subdued identification. She seemed to hold her emotions in check, but her deci-

sions were firm. Maybe Laura's statement was, "In my own quiet way, I am going to do what I think is best."

The last two children were both eight years old and acted as a useful contrast to each other. Lisa is academic, mature and outgoing; Timmy is creative, somewhat immature and shy. He has a difficult time in school because of distractibility and high motor activity. During the "Three Little Pigs," when the wolf was trying to break into the third house, Timmy became very concerned. He stopped me and said, "Do you think the wolf will be able to break into the pig's house?" I suggested that it was made of brick. He considered that, but pointed out that it had a window and the wolf could probably break the glass and get in. At this point Lisa laughed at the foolishness of his fear for the pig and said that if the wolf broke the window, the pig would simply jump out and run away. She felt confident that both she and the little pig were quite safe from harm. Timmy wasn't so sure. He shook his head and said seriously, "I think wolves can run faster than pigs, and the wolf would catch the pig and eat it." Lisa frowned and said, "Oh, Tim!" At this point there was a noticable shift in Timmy's behavior. He became wild and aggressive and fought with his brother and sisters until bedtime. Initially this circumstance led to questioning of the possibly harmful influence of fantasy. Adler might say that Timmy's wild behavior was proof of the reinforcement of a "bad boy" prototype that had been encouraged by the fantasy about the wolf. While this is possible, I felt that Timmy, for a moment, had a confrontation in consciousness with his Shadow or (in Sullivanian thinking) his "not me." He had considered two Timmies side by side—the cute little pig and the big bad wolf—and he wasn't sure which one would win. I see his surge of aggression as a defense against his vulnerability. The story brought out the wolf in him.

The next day when Timmy and I were alone, he began to question me about how people turn into werewolves. I said that I wasn't sure, but I thought it had something to do with a full moon. "Are you wondering if you might turn into a werewolf sometime?" I asked. He nodded: "Oh, yes. The bad part would be that you would be inside the werewolf body and nobody would know it was you. It would be so lonely to be a werewolf." Although these fears are painful for Timmy, I believe that by facing them he will be better able to integrate the negative and positive sides of his personality. Identification with the wolf in the "Three Little Pigs" allowed his fear of turning into a werewolf to surface, and every time Timmy confronts the wolf in him, it loses a little of its power to frighten him.

Bettelheim writes that mankind's greatest fear is desertion, and that the positive resolution of the fairy tale reassures the child on a deep and sometimes unconscious level that he will be able to integrate both his own personality and his relationship with the world. While fairy tales don't demand introspection, they do invite

it, unlocking conflicts in the child's mind. In bringing them into consciousness, the child can question and deal with his conflicts in a positive manner with hope and promise—and they all lived happily ever after.

Linda Heine (ADP)

Chemistry

Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest

Thompson bent a cathode ray,
Partly due to Faraday.
He decomposed electrolysis
Whose discovery was a near miss.

Of course, we all know Coulomb's law ((cool lamb's))
Those sheep were cold in spring and fall.
Crookes surrounded himself in glass—
His tube did not deal with mass.

Millikan became famous with an oil drop,
When the mystery of electron he did stop.
Roentgen discovered the first x-ray.
He soon grew ill. (He's not with us today.)

Chadwick found a particle which had no charge;
This minute thing was named a neutron, at large.
Rutherford was known to have a very good eye.
After all, he was the first to see the nuclei.

Planck thought matter radiated packets of energy,
But we can only imagine—we cannot see.
Maxwell developed the wave model of light.
It's not very pretty—but it's certainly bright.

Bohr created a new model of atomic structure,
But soon after this idea would rupture.
Bohr worked on the theory—much, much more,
And soon had lots of knowledge to store.

If by now you feel confused,
Do not worry—you've just been used.
Now you, too, are trapped by chemistry.
The light again you'll never see.

Kathy Arledge ('85)

Thorn Tree Tete-a-Tete

Originally published in ***The Religious Telescope,*** *the official publication of the United Brethren Church, on June 29, 1946. Re-edited for publication in* ***Quiz and Quill.***

There is a prettier name for this tree. It is "honey locust," because the honey of its inconspicuous green flowers is sought by bees. This large tree with dark gray, scaly bark defends itself with a thorn which appears above the axil of each leaf and in clusters at limb bases. One year a wren built a next in a box in our thorn tree. The doorway was large enough to permit sparrows to enter, so Mrs. Wren resourcefully stuck a few thorns, points out, in the door. I don't believe the sparrows molested her thereafter.

We chose our lot largely because of this full-grown tree which offered shade and greenery. We could not understand why some of the older residents looked askance and uttered words of disapproval concerning our tree. Every year it bears large, leathery bean pods which we have to rake in the fall. Of course this is work, but the leaves are so small that they are insignificant. The bean-pods are easy to rake, and one ought to get out of doors anyway. These pods are artistic, if one has a sense of art, and I have seen them painted gold and silver for Christmas decorations.

After a number of years, though, the tree showed its sinister side. A long thorn punctured my foot. I could hardly do my work for a couple of weeks. Then I thought, "How well off I was before, when my foot was normal, yet I often found something of which to complain." I had time to meditate upon these words of Harriet Beecher Stowe: "When you get in a tight place and everything goes against you, till it seems you could not hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that is just the time and place that the tide will turn." There is an end to all things, even to pain, and eventually my foot got better and I was able to wear a shoe.

So our thorn-tree presents a good parable of life. We shall hardly cut down the tree because I stepped on a thorn. We recall the waxy beauty of its leaves, the heavy fragrance of its honey-bearing flowers. We remember also the birds that have nested and have been sheltered on its boughs. We have enjoyed cardinals, bluebirds, flickers, doves, robins, wrens, catbirds, owls, woodpeckers and canaries. Red squirrels visit us in the summer, and they frolic in its branches.

I believe I should call our tree "honey locust." We must minimize thorns and enlarge upon sweetness. Don't you think so?

Post Script: Since this essay was written, the swamp-loving thorn-tree has disappeared from our town.

Freda Kirts Shower ('27)

Alms for Lorca

"Give him alms, woman, for nothing
in life can equal the agony of being
blind in Granada." — Old Spanish saying.

Reading how they shot you on a hill before dawn
could disclose anything, I recall your poem,
"If I die, leave the balcony open,"
and I want you to be left with that vista:
children eating oranges, reapers cutting wheat.

So nearsighted, you wrote your hometown
into ballads and jondos even from Harlem,
even from Madrid, wanted to watch it forever,
even when echoes of blood foreshadowed
your return and shuttered your windows.

What agony to see your Granada become
one dark prison cell, I can only imagine
from the thick blank cataract of paper
you left on the table in that last room,

and, sickened, I turn again to your work,
bright denial of death, and I want
to go on leaning out windows and doorways

and bring you oranges and wheat.

And I want to leave everyone's balcony open.

Diane Kendig ('72)

Getting Along in Life

First Prize, Quiz and Quill Short Story Contest

1a.

I don't suppose I'll ever be able to forget in my whole life the night of spring formal. I went to Florida over spring break to get a tan and Stu had to work. When I came back Stu often teased me and called me a Negro. I'd been letting my hair grow long since around Christmas so I'd be able to braid it specially for that evening. Mom bought me some cute purple bobby pins for an early birthday present (my birthday's in September!) and Stu said I looked OK in them. We walked through the park after the festivities, Stu and I, and after an unspoken message decided to rest on a bench. Everything around was so calm and relaxing: there was a

refreshing wind that felt so good through the no-toe part of my hard shoes; there was the moon that appeared so touchable and real. I sat with my legs crossed, and my lavender synthetic skirt, which clung tenaciously to my nylons, pulled subtly over my upper-crossed knee. Stu put his husky tight-end's arm around my neck and pulled me closer. He took his masculine right hand and rubbed hard the top of my scalp with his knuckles, moaning like a caged hippopotamus at orgasm. I cried "ouch!" and said he wasn't funny. I slapped him on the leg and told him to lay off. That was the night Stu told me he wouldn't give me a baby. He said that his ninth grade accident during a dribbling exercise had seriously damaged, if not permanently incapacitated, his fathering organ. He said it wasn't absolutely for sure, but that the doctor had said he would never be a daddy; and though his sperm count had been improving over the last months it still wasn't enough. The diagnosis, Stu insisted, was not encouraging. I leaned back dumbfounded against the cold bench-back. I wanted a baby, but didn't I love Stu? I still remember the twinkling of the stars that night as I wondered what would become of Stu and me . . . .

1b.

When Stu picked me up that night he presented me with a chocolate sphere with a big jawbreaker in the middle, and there was a beautiful yellow ribbon around the entire thing. I was so excited about going to spring formal! We got to *Ricardo's* and the decorations the freshmen cheerleaders had prepared were on the gorgeous side of wonderful. Over the entrance door there was the greeting "WELCOME TO SPRING FORMAL!" in aluminum foil letters, as well as that year's theme: "Memories, like the corners of your mind." I still get cold-chills when Stuart plays that song on the *Pizza Tino* juke box.

On the dance floor Stu pulled me close so I nestled my right cheekbone in the space between his lapel and dress shirt, inhaling the manly aroma of his cologned body powder. I hooked my tingling fingers on either of his clavicles and moved in rhythm to the music. Stu began to hum in my ear, then he blew on the right one, asking if I wasn't wearing perfume or fancy deodorant or something. I told him mom had squirted a dab of her French toilet water over my breasts for no other reason than because this was so much of a special occasion.

After the dance we applauded and everyone else did too. Everyone looked as though he was enjoying himself—though one couple remarked that, although they weren't complaining, the red crepe paper suspended from the ceiling looked tacky. And I overheard a chaperone say that the bearded man playing saxophone in the band appeared to be high. I had to agree with both comments but still thought the decor and music were excellent.

I took a chair along the side while Stu went to get drinks. It was

feeling like a flower on the wall, sitting alone while the other girls and guys smiled for their souvenir portraits, till finally Stu returned with two glasses of ice cold red punch and I was so relieved because we were next to have our pictures taken. Jerk Stu had already drunken some punch so he had a red mustache for the picture! I held mine and rested my other hand on his wrist, smiling as broadly as possible to show the contrast between my Florida tan and freshly polished teeth. Everyone gathered behind the photographer, cheering after the camera clicked. I got embarrassed and put my hand over my wide-open mouth, almost spilling my warming punch. Stu grinned mischievously, looking askance at the floor until everyone left to resume his dancing or drink punch.

Mr. Patterson, my Comp. and Lit. teacher, came up and asked if we were having a good time. I said "yes," though Stu just held my hand and remained silent. I elbowed him and asked if a cat'd got his tongue, chuckling to help him feel more at ease. Stu never liked Mr. Patterson but I've always thought he was a good guy. He talks about really interesting things and I think he knows his stuff, too. However, he does require us to type our papers so I know what Stu means when he calls him a "stickler." Anyways, Mr. Patterson was nice to us and wished us both a fine evening before going away to mingle with a group of co-eds, etc., gabbing on the other side of the room.

I soon spotted Mr. and Mrs. O'Sullivan, an elderly couple attending the university. They're two of the most energetic and courageous people I've ever met. During term, they even live in the dorms with us "youngsters"(!). (And you know that Mr. O'Sullivan is one bodacious character on the slopes!) I pointed them out for Stu but they disappeared through a side door right as Stu turned his head to look. Stu asked if I was leveling or if I'd made that up out of thin air. I said I was dead serious; I'd seen them with my own two eyes. As Stu looked, however, he saw Geoff with his new girlfriend Linda. Stu knew he was my ex so he started to fidget in his seat. I'm a very sensitive person and was hurt that Geoff didn't even so much as smile, let alone come up and introduce his date. I was starting to get so angry sitting there watching Geoff and Linda ogle at each other on the dance floor. I told Stu to excuse me but I wanted to talk with Mrs. O'Sullivan. Stu was so sweet he even stood up for me as I left.

I went through the same door I'd seen Mr. and Mrs. O'Sullivan go through earlier and immediately saw Mr. O'Sullivan leaning with his back against the wall near the water fountain. He only motioned to the women's restroom door, saying: "Women!" I ducked into the restroom, too, in order to say "hi" to Mrs. O'Sullivan. I swear I honestly couldn't have been in there more than several minutes when Stu beat on the door asking if I was waiting for Easter or something. I told him to keep his britches on, that we'd be out shortly. He said to get a move on because Dr. Pymford (chairman of

the Political Science Dept., who I've always thought was so good looking, having preserved a touch of gray around the temples) was about to deliver the closing speech. I felt pressed and wasn't quite able to finish arranging my braids, but we were out in no time flat.

By the time the four of us were back in the main party room, most of the seats had already been taken, but we found four seats together, with Geoff and Linda on the other side of Mr. and Mrs. O'Sullivan, and the speech was over before we knew it. Dr. Pymford talked about how we should strive to find ourselves in this fast-paced world we live in; and he was just giving us strength to face the world. He said each and every one of us had something to make him useful, gifts to offer, and that it was important not to forget that today's trying experiences are tomorrow's cherished memories. I think he made a lot of sense. I hope everyone there that evening will remember what Dr. Pymford said.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Sullivan were glowing after Dr. Pymford's forceful speech; and I noticed Stu had a few goose pimples on his forearm. Everyone else seemed stirred as well, as we all began to go our separate ways into the night. Stu and I decided to get a breath of fresh air in the pretty little park bordering *Ricardo's.* I think it was when the sun began to rise while we were sitting together on the bench that I was sure I had to make Stu mine. I was exploding with such emotion I must've cried "yes! yes!" aloud or something.

2.

Stu has been such a good boy lately. The doctor says that if he pushes a little he might reach the magic number before Thanksgiving, meaning we'd still be in time for the summer baby I've always dreamed of having. If the baby was overdue, however, there might be the problem of our birthdays coinciding, and I've always personally felt you could only *really* do justice to one birthday per month. But that isn't so big of a problem, I guess, and I'm sure something could be worked out. For example, Stu suggested that we could, say, celebrate his or her birthday one year and mine the next, or maybe just have one big party for both of us each year, or, like Stu was saying when I don't think he was serious, we could have two parties in one day!, because your birthday only comes around once a year, right?

So you see, things aren't always so bad as you think. Stu and I still have our ups and downs but we've decided to make the most of our lives. And so our relationship won't wind up being a flash in the pan, Stu says the first thing we should do is think about finding a house or apartment or at least something to keep us protected from the elements. Then we plan to take a vacation together in Ireland next month if Stu can get time off. Mom says it's really romantic in the country where the green leaves everywhere and silvery streams make you think you've died and gone to heaven.

And who knows, maybe Stu will be "ready" by the Ireland trip, making the child March/Aprilish? We'll see, and we'll keep trying, because we think life is meant to be lived.

Timothy McMasters ('83)

Footprints in the Snow

Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest

wandering aimlessly
in an unplowed field
the last cornstalks stay on,
like Indian war lances thrown after the gun
in a battle that was never lost or won.
thinking shamelessly
of the time when I thought you were right.
all the young men who wanted to fight-
good intentions turn to smoke when your life is at stake.
not many of us have a clear choice to make.
feeling painlessly
as I watched them all file past,
the leaders in front and you coming in last.
like footprints in the snow,
you can never match the step of the one who cleared the way.
how mindless
it all seems to us
to plow the earth
red
for one man's ideas.
aspirations lose their animation
when the people cry—no more!
come home again
lost patriots of a cause unknown.
turn your lances into cornrows,
and come home.

Anne Barnes ('85)

Strat-O-Matic: Living in a Fantasy

Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Personal Essay Contest

Sports have always been important to me, because when I step on the court or the field I leave reality and enter a world where I can be O.J. Simpson, Julius Erving or whomever I please. That escape from reality is also provided by a game I used to play called Strat-O-Matic.

Strat-O-Matic is the brand name for a sports game played with dice and computer-printed cards. Each player in each major sport is represented by a separate card. At its most basic level, the game is played by rolling the dice and using the results of the roll to find a play's results on the cards. My hometown friends and I spent thousands of hours and large amounts of our parents' money on this game. It became an addiction. I could sense my parents' relief when I first got into normal teenage mischief during high school, proving that their son wasn't abnormal after all. They could never understand the joys of guiding the 1977 Chicago Cubs to the neighborhood World Series as I did, though. They never knew the anguish of seeing a gridiron drive stall because Ken Stabler threw an interception, either. Those cards took on almost life-like qualities.

Sometimes the cards became almost too real. One of the pitchers for the 1975 Philadelphia Phillies was Larry Christenson. My friend Bill bought the '75 Phillies player cards one spring and found that the manufacturer had accidentally included four copies of Larry. As fate would have it, Larry had a bad season that year. One fateful day, after Larry had had one bad game too many, Bill angrily tore one of the cards in half. From then on, Larry Christenson was pronounced "injured" and the torn copy was pinned to the bulletin board that overlooked the neighborhood "stadium" (the card table in Bill's bedroom).

Before each game, we played the national anthem and stood at attention. However, this was not the same anthem that the rest of the nation recognized, but the rock hit "Wanna Rock All Night" by Kiss. The games themselves tended to be spirited grudge matches among old friends. When my team had its offensive attack running well, a little voice always seemed to be saying, "Remember when Ed swiped your lunch in the third grade? Now's your chance, so pound his ass." At times like those, Strat-O-Matic seemed like war.

The casual observer would no doubt conclude that we took it all too seriously, and perhaps he'd have been right. But we knew that during the dark days of Watergate David Eisenhower used to hide in the White House, playing the game with staff members. We reasoned that if the son-in-law of the President played Strat-O-Matic, it had to be all right. But the President himself would have had to prove himself at our games, where respect was won only through skill. Bill, the oldest of our group, always found a way to

win. He was feared as a player. I had fair knowledge of sports strategy, so I was also respected. Ed, my best friend, had equal knowledge but was easily upset; sooner or later he'd lose his composure and give the game away. His younger brother, Charlie, made the mistake of gloating whenever he won by a miraculous roll of the dice; so his seething victims belittled his accomplishments by branding him "lucky," a tag he never found a way to shake.

He might have shaken it if he'd won a championship, as I did during my last season. I led the 1958 Baltimore Colts to the promised land of the table-top championship. The blizzard of 1978 arrived just in time to cancel school for a few weeks and rid us of the unnecessary distraction of education. The Colts started slowly, but I soon turned their early losing streak into win after crushing win. As the streak continued, I lost myself in the fantasy of it all. I used to stand the playing cards in the middle of the field before each game and deliver rousing peptalks. Then I made the cards jump up and down until they were possessed by an imaginary fury.

The Colts rode this "emotion" to the Super Bowl, where in true Hollywood fashion they won on a dramatic, come-from-behind score. I can still recall the feeling of my sweaty hands and pounding heart as I rolled the dice on the game-winning drive. I can also remember the anguished look on Ed's face and the burst of expletives in the air as Alan Ameche slammed into the end zone for the winning TD.

I never participated in one of those imaginary seasons again. Our group has split up since high school, with each person going on to more important things. Charlie is now a freshman at Ohio State. Ed is still at home, drawing unemployment checks and majoring in avoidance of responsibility. Bill graduated from Capital University and will be getting married in a few weeks, which gives us all a good excuse to get together again. It may just be a futile attempt to recapture a memory, but when Bill and his bride Teresa exchange their wedding vows, Larry Christenson will be looking on from the breast pocket of my suit, calling the shots.

Dan Hughes ('82)

Brilliant blue sky grayed
Arroyo gathered to run
New Mexican storm

Dee Dee Hefner ('69)

The Great Gatsby: Fitzgerald's Contemporary Fairy Tale

Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Critical Essay Contest

F. Scott Fitzgerald's story-telling technique gives depth and dimension to his finest work, *The Great Gatsby.* Fitzgerald incorporates for Gatsby's world of illusion elements of the Fairy Tale in order that the reader will sense the obscurity of Gatsby's illusion. The reader is to understand that in Jay Gatsby's world, Gatsby couldn't base his life on fantasy without facing the collapse of such a fragile illusion, eventually his own defeat and destruction. Gatsby believed that "the rock of the world was founded securely on a fairy's wing"[1]; consequently, he had to face the belief in the fairy's wing of his aspirations being torn and broken by the rock of the world.[2]

The setting in which Fitzgerald places his hero is much like a Fairy Tale. Peter L. Hays says that only the Brothers Grimm could have portrayed such an illusion of New York City:[3]

> Over the great bridge with the sunlight through the girders making a constant flicker upon the moving cars, with the city rising up across the river in white heaps and sugar lumps all built with a wish out of non-olfactory money. The city seen from the Queensboro Bridge is always the city seen for the first time, in its first wild promise of all the mystery and the beauty in the world. (p. 69)

If New York City appears as a land of captivating promise, then the exquisite and succulent vocabulary of Fitzgerald gives the reader insight into the world Gatsby believes he inhabits.

The city of New York is not the only land of wonder in Gatsby's world. He lives in a palace, from which he looks across the water and dreams of his Princess. She lives across the moat in an ivory castle. Gatsby's palatial home is filled nightly with all the beautiful people, for whom he throws elaborate parties, not unlike balls. The food is catered, the musicians hired, and fresh flowers are delivered. Nightly, Gatsby stares out into his parties, in hopes that he will find the woman behind his obsession for party-giving.

If Long Island is a place where beautiful people live an opulent life of elegant leisure, nearby a place exists that is its opposite. This inferior district is known as the Valley of Ashes. Just as every Fairy Tale has its doomed forest of darkness, so Gatsby's world has its Valley which conjures up images of fear and depression, reminding the wealthy what life might be without the gift of gold.

And in this Fairy Tale world there are Fairy Tale characters: a Princess (or any beautiful woman in distress), an evil villain with magic powers, and a Prince. Daisy is a Fairy Tale type of character

as is her hero, Jay Gatsby. She is like an enchanted Princess. Even her voice is magical, full of creative promise, since it seems to beckon the imagination into a new world of sensation.[4] She is the daughter of a wealthy man and she was raised in the world of Southern aristocracy. She is married to an extremely wealthy man named Tom Buchanan. He has offered her a priceless string of pearls and an invitation to marriage. Daisy's vanity has caused her to accept the pearls just as Snow White is driven by her vanity to take the hair combs from the wicked Queen.

However, much like a Fairy Tale Princess', her life is shadowed by a dark force, in this case her husband. Tom begins to leave Daisy to see other women. He treats Daisy with cruelty so that she is like a Princess held captive in a dark and dismal castle. But Daisy is not a beautiful and innocent Princess. She is an evil Princess who looks after only herself. She has a choice not to marry Tom Buchanan, but she does because it is the easiest and most practical way to insure her future financial security. She also has a choice at the time of the automobile accident to commit a double-suicide with Jay in order to preserve eternally their love through death, but once again she chooses not to be virtuous. Instead she allows Gatsby to take responsibility for the murder. Daisy's actions indicate that she is deceptive, corrupt and selfish, hardly the Princess worth Gatsby's love and devotion. The reader becomes aware that the magic quality of Daisy's voice is actually only the sound of money that it reverberates (p. 120). Through Daisy's actions Gatsby witnesses the loss of his dream.

Tom Buchanan is Daisy's evil keeper. He woos her with his money, and then once she is in his possession he ignores and abuses her. Tom had been an athlete in his college days. However, he passes his golden moment in life, obviously intending to bring Daisy down with him. Leland Person points out that Daisy wishes to escape the temporal world and Gatsby becomes her vehicle to do so.[5] Tom is like a bull, almost Zeus-like in his ability to exert his power over other people and crush them carelessly. According to Giles Gunn, Tom represents a physical force, while Gatsby is a spiritual force.[6] Each man is propelled by his individual drives. However physically strong Tom is, though, the real power behind his character appears to be his money which ultimately entices Daisy to marry him. Tom holds the power of his wealth over the heads of those who are weak and penniless (such as Myrtle's, his mistress', husband). Once again Fitzgerald incorporates elements of the Fairy Tale. Tom is the evil force in the story, and everyone he touches falls prey to him. Directly or indirectly, he manages to destroy the lives of the people around him.

Myrtle, who like Gatsby is driven by a dream, innocently believes in Tom and the life he represents. To her Tom represents a magician who could easily transform her sordid existence into a life of beauty. E.C. Bufkin says that just as Gatsby appears as a knight in

search of his damsel, so Myrtle as a "courtesan in a cosmopolitan court of love."[7] Tom appears to enjoy the power he has over his poor mistress, and just as he abuses others, so he treats Myrtle.

In the case of Fitzgerald's Fairy Tale, Jay Gatsby is the Prince, and a self-made Prince as his name indicates. His last name shows the nature of the protagonist. The name "Gatsby" acts as a double pun that reveals that Gatsby recreated himself from the self that had been. Thus, "Jay Gatz be-gat Gatsbe."[8] "Gats-by was begat by-Gatz."[9] "Jay" is a slang term of the underworld which means "an easy victim; one who is easy to dupe."[10] This name is appropriate for Gatsby since he is a victim of his innocence. Jay Gatsby was once a poor young man until the wealthy and powerful Wolfsheim prepared the future for him. Jay Gatz works hard and turns things around for himself under the influence of his fairy God-father, Wolfsheim, who has made his own fortune through the shady dealings of the underworld and has reared Gatsby to do the same—hardly the upbringing for a young innocent hero. The changes that take place in his identity are reflected in his new name "Gatsby." Although Gatsby becomes a member of the elite, he never loses his rare innocence which makes him believe faithfully in his dream. He builds his life around a single desire: he works methodically to realize his dream of possessing Daisy Buchanan, the unobtainable rich girl, the love of the poor soldier, Gatsby.

During the war (notice Gatsby's *Märchen* qualities), he loses his Princess, and so upon returning he begins to work his way back to her. Within *The Great Gatsby,* Nick suggests that Gatsby is a medieval knight following his grail.[11] Like Perceval he is a poor innocent who becomes a war hero and in the process loses his only love to the wicked Tom Buchanan. With his new post-war riches Gatsby begins his quest to rescue his Princess from what he believes is her horrible captivity.

Despite the Fairy Tale simplicity of the situation, much about Gatsby remains a mystery. For instance, the reader knows that Gatsby is rich, yet the means by which he has made his fortune remain obscure. Gatsby rarely speaks about anything other than Daisy; that information is given through another source. The handsome Prince is undefined in the Fairy Tale, and so Gatsby remains a shadowy character in his Fairy Tale. The mystery of Gatsby is part of his magic. The types and the setting are not the only Fairy Tale aspects of *The Great Gatsby.* Fitzgerald uses Fairy Tale language. For instance, Daisy says to Gatsby: "I'd like to just get one of those pink clouds, and put you in it and push you around" (p. 95). This statement seems unlike anything an adult would say. Daisy's words seem to spring from another level of imagination. Like Gatsby, she doesn't deal in reality, but almost lives in Fäirie. They appear to float through life ungrounded by the mundane reality that anchors the other characters to Earth. Even Myrtle's dream is founded on her ugly materialism.

The novel furthermore appears to present Gatsby and Daisy at a uniquely significant point in time, "a time of dreams and romantic possibilities."[12] The story transcends mundane time: it takes place in the 1920's but it could easily be a medieval love story or a timeless Fairy Tale. Even New York City does not fit the image of a twentieth-century bustling metropolis. It does not seem modern; it could easily be a village in another far-off time. The cars could easily be carriages. The rich could be royalty.

Through Fitzgerald's skillful use of Fairy Tale, Gatsby's illusion is ultimately broken for him as it is for the reader. Gatsby is destroyed because he has based his life on illusion. The reader's vision of the story is destroyed when he becomes lulled into believing that *The Great Gatsby* will end like a Fairy Tale. Fitzgerald has set up the framework of a Fairy Tale so that the reader will anticipate happiness at the end instead of the disaster that takes place. The reader is therefore left unsettled. Gatsby is doomed because he attempts to live in a gossamer dream, while he cannot really escape the twentieth century. This is a story about a time that, finally, has no place for the archaic virtue, beauty and wonder of a fantasy world.

Notes

[1]F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1925), p. 100. All other references to this work will be to this edition and cited within the text of the paper.

[2]B. W. Wilson, "The Theatrical Motif in *The Great Gatsby*," *Fitzgerald-Hemingway Annual 1975,* p. 107.

[3]Peter L. Hays, "Gatsby, Myth, Fairy Tale and Legend," *Southern Folklore Quarterly* 8 (1975): 213.

[4]Leland S. Person, Jr., " 'Herstory' and Daisy Buchanan," *American Literature,* 50 (1978): 254.

[5]Person, p. 251.

[6]Giles Gunn, "F. Scott Fitzgerald's Gatsby and the Imagination of Wonder," *Journal of the American Academy of Religion,* 41 (1973): 177.

[7]E. C. Bufkin, "A Pattern of Parallel and Double: The Function of Myrtle in *The Great Gatsby*," *Modern Fiction Studies* 15 (1969): 523.

[8]Taylor Alderman, "The Begetting of Gatsby," *Modern Fiction Studies* 19 (1973-74): 564.

[9]Alderman, p. 564.

[10]Alderman, p. 564.

[11]Bufkin, p. 523.

[12]Wilson, p. 107.

Amy Shaw ('82)

A Reason for Daffodils

First Prize, Roy A. Burkhart Religious Poetry Contest

In March their yellow heads plunge through the mud
As though they could not wait to reach the sun.
The flowers, salvaged from Narcissus' blood,
Arise from self-held bulbs of love undone.
In silent strides they grow beside the pool.
Cardinals salute their triumph in the yard;
An Echo answers. Humble, still, through cool
Gray days they stand in deep regard.
Resurgent blooms from death beneath the earth,
Emerged as happy heralds of hope and praise,
They raise their trumpets high to sound, "Rebirth!"
My spirit lifts to join their paraphrase.
Amid this dreary, winter-weary season,
In daffodils I find God-given Reason.

Jan Robinson (ADP)

An Individual's Destiny

—I've found an individual
  flying a destined sky mapped
    from her heart.
Regardless of winds, storms or gray
  there remains a will.
Yesterday's memories
  dry tomorrow's tears
  Yet crying shows strength
    in facing fears. . .
In flight. . .freedom;
  the soul sings,
A light shines to touch,
  to feel life.
Eyes burn, lighting a way
  to pride
        in being. . .—

Kimberly West ('85)

—excerpts from Thoughts on Going to Seed

(By a retired college president)

It was my good fortune to arrive at three-score-and-ten, the normal "days of our years," with a moderate amount of steam in the boiler. If "by reason of strength" I should reach four-score, I have some reason now to realize that "yet is their strength labor and sorrow," as the Psalmist said. A heart condition with its attendant aches, and easy exhaustion, acquaint me with some of the pain, but I hope not with the sorrow.

There are many sectors in my private garden where I can still labor with no pain and certainly no sorrow . . . .There's time now for hobnobbing with the filling station man, mailman, mollusk collector, the lawn tender. They come out of the faceless crowd, not as "characters," though everybody is a character in some sense, as Jim Farley used to say, but as friends. I have time to work at these friendships now, and one does need to *work* at friendships . . . .

Each stage in life has been a preparation for the next—grade school for high school, then for college, for graduate school, for my profession, and ultimately for promotion to larger responsibilities. Now it's time to prepare for my ripening into a healthy seed. Retirement, looked at in this light, becomes a promotion to be grown into. But how can one be a seed for a new generation that may not be looking for seeds? Well, inevitably soil recycles a seed's endosperm to augment the nitrogen, carbon and other ingredients essential to the support of *something* living. If I can enrich the soil from whence I've sprung, that will be an engrossing task. It will be dust to dust all right, but why not seed to soil as well? So—no depressing nostalgia for good old days, or pessimism to discourage the neighbors about the world's going to the devil. One can't live on yesterday's breath, but must go on trying to purify the air today and finding unpolluted prospects for tomorrow.

Self-pity at the loss of old friends as they die must be replaced by the appreciation of new ones. Any man's death diminishes me, of course, and the death of a friend especially. But any man's life increases me also. Second-guessing younger people, too, who "should have known better" than to let their children get into trouble, is a cheap sport to be avoided like halitosis . . . .

One shouldn't whimper because a new generation does not break down doors to seek advice from its elders . . . .Narcissism, sad in the young, is even sadder in older people. It is a retreat to egotism when there's been time to know better. A sign of a has-been, it reflects a fear that one hasn't really made good. Books, articles, and reviews I have written to preserve my own best thoughts have served me well. If any of them becomes a seed for the mental soil of readers, bravo. But for me they were devices for linking my own thoughts to the network of ideas about things "out of sight."

When seeds mature they stop drawing their life from the parent plant. Maturity requires one to be on his own as long and as far as possible . . . .And if there's anything left of the seed pod, it goes also toward the nourishment of "the new generation." Our house, cottage, car, boat, dog, books, stocks I shall of course not be able to take with me. When my family has no further need for them, I want them to go to the colleges I worked for. If they can help students prepare for a healthy seed time, the cycle will be right. Such a disposition of property is no mere act of charity, but a preservation for some of one's life-time efforts . . . .

A seed, however, that understands its origin, life-cycle, and conditions for maturity remembers its past and relates its thoughts to those of others. It aims all its life for what's ahead. Something must go on growing after it has developed powers most surely adjusted to that purpose. If I have a long time, even beyond fourscore years, to engage in seed forming, so much the better. Some species of cactus only blossom every fifty years, so long does it take to make a seed. Commencement has always been exciting to me because of its prospects. My next commencement will have even more possibilities.

Louis William Norris ('28)

Photograph to My Companion

Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest

Smith's device
In *Walk to*
Paradise
Garden you
Too must know:

I.
Warring skin's
Burned-flesh glow
Whelms children's
Footfall light.

II.
Purled streams
Cleanse the white
In wet dreams.

III.
Licked senses
Tongue wise-lip's
Dumb ashes

IV.
Confused hips
Drivel back
Down dull moans
While vain squints
Prejudge black,

So gray tones
Bear warm prints.

Timothy McMasters ('83)

Coffee Shop

Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Personal Essay Contest

On any lazy Sunday morning, you can walk into the Highway 559 Coffee Shop in North Lewisburg, Ohio, and witness the same scene. When you enter the small-town shop, which appears unchanged over the past 25 years, you will see all the local characters engage in the timeless local custom of Sunday morning small talk.

Farmers, factory workers, realtors, supermarket managers and school teachers all gather here to talk of sports, the weather, farming, national issues and children. The talk flows of things that were, things that might have been, and the uncertainty of things to come. Seated in the fourth booth from the door, the one with "RANDY" carved into the tabletop, are a few of the "regulars." Norm Brenner, an athletic man with sinewy arms, explains how the plentiful rain of the previous spring affected his chemical fertilizer business. Then John Westfall, a stocky man who resembles a regfrigerator with arms, evokes hysterical laughter as he shares a masterfully-crafted anecdote of his recent trip to Las Vegas.

Being just a casual observer, you may become bored with the conversation for a moment. As you direct your attention to the surroundings, you may get the feeling that the coffee shop is static—only the faces change. The wooden booths lining the right wall look as if they have been there 20 years or more. The faces of a simpler, less hurried past hang on the wall above the booths. Thirty-year-old *LOOK* magazine covers bring back comforting memories for the men who come with their sons into the shop on Sunday mornings. For the sons, these were the "good old days." And they know, although they never mention it, that 20 years from now Ronald Reagan and Johnny Bench will replace Dwight Eisenhower and Joe DiMaggio as only fond memories that hang on the wall.

Along the opposite wall is the soda counter. A jar containing home-made cookies waits for some bright-eyed kid who has an extra nickel to spend. A dozen or so stools stand in a row before the faded Formica countertop. The stool seats, which spin on a shiny metal base, are covered in cracked and faded kelly green vinyl. To their parents' chagrin, children spin around and around on the stools instead of eating.

Behind the counter an old-fashioned soda fountain complete with a stainless steel ice cream freezer creates hand-dipped cones under the watchful eyes of eager children. And the fountain dispenses some of the tastiest Coca-Cola around—authentic fountain-style Coke made by mixing syrup with carbonated water.

Toward the back of the place is a wobbly old card table where newspapers and magazines are kept for customers to read while waiting. *The Urbana Daily Citizen* and the *Mechanicsburg Telegram* keep people informed about their neighbors. *The Columbus*

Dispatch keeps them in touch with "the big city." And for those who dream of the unknown and glamorous realm of New York and Hollywood, there is *People* magazine.

The extreme rear of the room houses the kitchen area where the hooded grill stands imposingly and dim green walls show clouds of steam and built-up cooking film. From the kitchen, proprietor Claudine Vallery gives all a "Hello" and often shares small talk as she prepares short orders. A frail woman with auburn hair, she seems a part of the shop since she has been working there almost forever. She really doesn't mind whether you order anything or not.

The charm, warmth, and atmosphere attract many men of this tiny rural community to the Highway 559 Coffee Shop each Sunday morning to reflect on that heart-stopping, last-second jump shop made by Norm Brenner in a high school game 25 years ago; or on the blizzard of 1950; or on just about anything that comes to mind. You can be sure that the conversation is never dull.

Doug Stanley ('82)

Ballade: Dijon Perspectives, October 1981

The tomb is that of Jean Sans Peur (John the Fearless), second Valois duke of Burgundy, who was assassinated on the bridge at Montereau in 1419 during a parley with the French dauphin Charles. The tomb was not completed until 1470. Recumbent effigy figures of the slain duke and of his wife, lying on black marble, from the upper part of the tomb. On a lower level sixteen-inch-high statuettes compose a procession of mourners—church officials, household personnel, family members, etc. The ballade, existing in several various patterns, was a favorite form of fifteenth-century poets such as Charles d'Orleans, Alain Chartier, and Eustache Deschamps.

She did not see me walk into the room.
The sketcher, deep in concentration, drew
A mourner from the fifteenth-century tomb.
Fixed eye, quick strokes, an old art rendered new
As line caught shape, and on her page there grew
That body's form where death had forced belief.
Needless the duke in alabaster hue
To know that grandeur here had come to grief.

Jean de la Huerta, Spanish, carved that face
Of furrowed brow and downcast eye, and swung
The pliant drapery with a powerful grace
In style of Bourguignons he lived among.

Long years before, the duke's last mass was sung.
A generation in between had grown,
Had heard its own strong, joyous weddings rung,
Had slowed its steps for sorrows it had known.

Struck down upon the bridge at Montereau
The duke was dead. Here, recreated fate
Has caught the mourners turned through fortune's flow.
Their plans have perished; now they grieve and wait.
The risk the duke had taken was too great.
The *dauphin's* parley led them all astray.
The move against the English came too late,
And Charles lives to fight another day.

Envoi —
Prince,
Through fallen leaves I here approach your tomb
Not for your life or death, but for the art
That drew today a sketcher to this room
And shapes its discipline on hand and heart.

Sylvia Vance ('47)

Janet Louise Roberts: A Student Reaction to the Success of an Alumna

When we undertook writing about the work of Janet Louise Roberts, only one of us was a reader of romantic fiction. Juli had already read one of Miss Roberts' romances; I hadn't. We had decided to review a couple of her books for this issue since she was previously a member of Quiz and Quill. If somebody would like to broaden his enjoyment of popular genres, reading some romances is necessary. Miss Roberts is known to her publishers as "The Queen of Hearts" and as "The Mistress of Romantic Mystery." Her novels represent a good example of this type of fiction.

Janet Louise Roberts is also known as Louisa Brönte, Janet Radcliff, and Rebecca Danton. If you're wondering who this woman with the four different names is, she is a highly published fiction writer and a graduate of Otterbein College. Miss Roberts is well known for her romance novels which have compelling plots, a touch of mystery, and settings in exciting places such as tropical islands and European countries. The characters are young, vital and independent. The heroines are beautiful, delicate and virginal. The heroes are handsome, strong, and virile. They often meet in explosive and passionate affairs.

The plot of one of her recent books, *The Dornstein Icon,* takes place in the snow-capped mountains of Austria. The story revolves around art treasures, stolen during World War II. The central characters become entangled in a thick plot of intrigue while returning the artifacts to their rightful owners. A dark and apparently evil Duke becomes the sinister captor of the heroine and her male companion. However, the twist is that the heroine becomes romantically involved with the evil Duke who drugs her in order to prevent her escape from his remote castle. The conclusion of this book reveals a surprise as do many of Miss Roberts' stories.

Another example of her romantic fiction is *Flamenco Rose.* This story is set in San Juan, Puerto Rico. The heroine is a wild Gypsy dancer who is patronized by a wealthy family. While living with this family, the heroine, Rosita, becomes passionately involved with Zach, the oldest son. He runs the high-pressured family business of producing Puerto Rican rum. Rosita is under the influence of Zach's demanding sister, who controls Rosita's life while training her for ballet. The heroine's and hero's lives pull them in different directions since both are involved with their careers; yet their desire for one another draws them together despite the many obstacles. *Flamenco Rose* is interesting to the reader because it responds to the contemporary problems of two career-oriented people in a modern society.

Obviously a career-oriented woman herself, Janet L. Roberts lives in Dayton, Ohio, where she writes these novels that appeal to avid romance readers. She has also written short romances which have appeared in the Candlelight series, and romantic mysteries with horrific overtones. She has proven herself as a writer by publishing over 100 novels. An inspiration to aspiring writers at Otterbein, this Alumna published in *Quiz and Quill* during her student years. The professional works of a former Quiz and Quill member are exciting to us because they represent the endless possibilities of obtaining success for those willing earnestly to pursue the writer's trade. Here's wishing current writers at Otterbein as much success as Janet Louise Roberts. And we wish continued success to her.

Juli Slack ('84) and Amy Shaw ('82)

Box

Box Box Box
Box M E Box
Box Box

Les Epstein ('83)

What Differences Do the Differences Make?

Second Prize, Personal Essay Contest

I tried to write a strong, clear essay on what I feel are the challenges that face women in the 80's. I tried to make as many bold points as possible and to grace my opinions with keen insights. But I can't write an essay on women because I'm still a girl. I've never been married; I've never had to choose between a child and a career. I have no experience to guide me and no genuine anger to stir me. If I have talents, they are as yet untapped. If I have desires, they are as yet to be made acute by deprivation or denial. I'm young and I'm still being formed. I'm hungry for consistency. I need something to be denied me.

Although I've admired, loved, respected, feared and hated different women, no woman has become my ideal. I'm told that we're all individuals, setting out alone. The world has been opened for women, and the endless opportunities that await us are frightening. The burden of deciding how we want to live feels heavy and as crippling as it must feel to have no options at all. Will we flourish in our freedom? Or will broader horizons make us uncertain?

I was born in 1960. I was three when President Kennedy died. I was a child when blacks and women fought for their rights. I was just tall enough to stare directly into the television screen when children my own age were being napalmed and sent fleeing from their villages in Vietnam. I was in second grade when Martin Luther King, Jr., and Bobby Kennedy were gunned down. I was an unimpressed nine-year-old when Neil Armstrong walked on the moon. But when I was twelve, the women's movement touched my home —after 16 years of marriage and two children, my mother divorced my father and went back to college to find a job that she could love.

I was brought up to achieve and to compete in a man's world. I am a step ahead of my mother because of my youth and a step behind because of my reluctance. Do I want to be like my mother—an aggressive businesswoman? Or like my best friend's mother—forever surrounded by the smell of cookie dough? I searched everywhere for clues. I read history and poetry; I made friends and enemies. I joined clubs. A teacher told me that everyone has a special talent, so I waited for mine to pop out of the closet and introduce itself to me.

I was led to believe that women could be anything they wanted—strong and soft. But, being young and romantic, I rejected liberated women as hard and selfish. I hated advocates of new, free and easy lifestyles in which no wish went ungranted. Yet I admired prominent women in politics, sports, arts and sciences. At the same time, I just couldn't accept all the conflicting images that were thrust on me by the media and by other women. Businesswomen told me to go for broke; society told me to care;

fashion magazines said that I'd better be attractive; and everyone said that the "real me" counted.

I now believe in only one responsibility: to do what one must do and to do it well. I feel that I have to choose my own paths, walk them with determination and take responsibility for the results. No woman should be denied the right to do what she wants—whether she wishes to be single and on her own, or married and raising a family.

Kaye Stith ('84)

Second Prize, Roy A. Burkhart Religious Poetry Contest

bronzed bodies
stroll by unaware
that I watch
from my kingdom's throne:

Bow down to me!
Praise be to me!

Neptune, help me
give me the eyes to see
beyond the bronzed bodies
of my kingdom of sand—

seated upon my perch
of weathered wood
I watch the waves.
only my thoughts take me
on an endless journey.

Emilie Stewart (ADP)

The Mountain

I have gazed through the porthole of heaven from the pinnacle of the Zugspitze. The view from atop Germany's highest mountain in the Bavarian Alps instilled in me awe and reverence for nature's timeless grandeur. But the sensations began closer to earth, as I trekked to ski on top of the world.

A day of skiing ten thousand feet above sea level begins with the sun's coming up. My brother and I ready our equipment and carry it

outside to wait for the bus to take us to the train station. The morning air is still and cold, and diehard skiers huddle to keep warm. Eventually the bus arrives, and we pass in single file by the driver, who is slightly annoyed at having to carry passengers so early in the day. The trip is silent until the bus shakes to a stop, and we thump down the bus steps and trudge to the railroad ticket office. Then we have time to view the mountains. From this distance, ninety minutes away, it appears to be a magnificent cathedral, its spires shaped by the winds.

Our solitude is snapped as the incoming train clacks to a halt. The crowd of passengers, most of them in ski garb, surges out the door and hurries to the train. We quickly attach our skis and poles to a special rack on the side of the car, and clamber on board with our ski boots. As the train ventures into motion, conversations mushroom around us in a babel of languages. Five middle-aged German men, on their way to work on the mountain, are howling over a game of cards, oblivious to those around them. My brother strikes up a discussion with a nearby skier about the merits of different types of ski bindings and about reported weather conditions on the summit. We wonder what high winds and low temperatures will feel like.

Even at the base of the mountain a thick layer of snow sheathes the earth. Miniature wooden huts dot the fields, storing hay for cattle and sheep during the winter. Ahead, the smoke from the chimneys in the village of Eibsee filters skyward like snow in reverse. The tombstones in the cemetary are nearly indistinguishable against the snow. Half an hour later, we transfer to a cog train in Eibsee, one specially designed to scale steep mountains. All roads up the mountain end at the village, so our ranks grow after the transfer.

The tracks are now bordered by forests of evergreen trees, supporting mounds of snow on their needles. Occasionally, a gap appears suddenly among the trees, and the alert viewer glimpses a spectacle of white-topped peaks. At one point during the ride, the experienced travelers will crane their necks in anticipation of a special view. Between the trees, and a few thousand feet below, a pristine mountain lake glistens, so transparent that I imagine the fish flitting under the water. Long before my eyes are satiated, the train tugs into the darkness of a seven-mile tunnel, dimming the final approach to the peak and adding suspense to my wait.

After leaving the cog train, we enter the Zugspitze station on top of the mountain and wait for a cable car that goes down to the ski slopes. The scene from this vantage seems like a jagged bowl of ice. The Zugspitze and neighboring peaks in Germany and Austria jut upward like slivers of porcelain, shredding the clouds that dare come near. The vast glacial bowl expands outward, supporting several ski slopes and their lift equipment. At the top of one of these slopes, I marvel at the mass of rock and ice surrounding me.

The peaks cast shadows that loom over the skiers like Gulliver over the Lilliputians. The wind is relentless in velocity and the frigid air burns my nostrils. My numbed face is frozen, slurring my speech. The panorama holds me back like a huge hand; I try to photograph the view in my mind, as if it will disappear when my eyes move. The camera is a poor substitute, for after a few minutes the shutter freezes.

Six hours later I leave the glacial bowl and ascend the peak again to wait for the cog train. My senses soak up the experience one final time. Sunbeams radiate through the endless sky, warming me in my peace. Below, the tiny skiers dart down the slopes like ants scurrying from under a rotten log. The snow from distant mountains blurs my vision, as I try to imagine which peaks tower over the fairy tale cities of Innsbruck and Salzburg. There are no clouds here, for I am high above them. No cloud blasphemously dares to ascend here; there is only a fitting, reverent silence.

The train's departure breaks my reverie. I turn, regretfully, and amble toward the train for the ride back down. The trip is quiet, for the passengers are exhausted. After skiing at the top of the world, both body and spirit are satisfied.

Mark Johnson ('82)

Signs

The night begins to fall
And shades of rose turn brown and die.
Cool air rushes through black rust leaves
And ink blots the east skies.

People turn cold and close
Close into themselves; and most,
Under paint and guise of joy,
Romp with others—lost . . .

But Taurus, Venus ruled,
And moon-faced Cancer, daughter of the sea,
Find satisfaction in
A recognition of reality.

Moon enters the empty room.
O psyche-whirled souls! And there
It travels the black light sky
To Venus—morning star.

And though night reigns nonpareil,
They've found a daylight real.

Cheryl Goellner Anderson ('67)

Master Farber Becomes a Master Barber

The following vignette is an excerpt from the biography I'm writing about my grandfather, Mervin A. Farber. I began this work as my Senior Writing Project. Grandpa has told me a number of stories about his life that provide me with a wealth of information to draw upon in a work that I hope might entertain readers of all ages.

Not five minutes after Mervin had walked into the barbershop his boss, Herman Annette, had set him to work honing a razor. "You got to keep your tools sharp to do a good job or else they lose their precision," he said. Then he lit a cigar and set it on the counter near the leather strap where Mervin was honing, and he studied his new employee's technique. "By the time the cigar burns half an inch, your razor should be ready."

Mervin shook his head in nervous affirmation, and he fumbled with the razor.

Mr. Annette's face wrinkled in dissatisfaction. "There, now let's see how you did," he said as he stuck the fat cigar in his mouth.

As the barber examined the razor's cutting edge, Mervin looked over the thin man with a flat head and square shoulders, neatly combed short, black hair and dark brown eyes that blinked together rapidly at the rate of twenty to twenty-five times a minute.

"Good, not too bad for your first time, but it could be better. There's always room for improvement. Next I'll show you how to lather and shave. Are you ready to learn?"

Mervin nodded and grabbed a shaving mug and brush.

"Now, what did you do that for?" the barber laughed. "We need a customer first."

Mervin blushed and, seeking a recovery from his awkward position, he said, "Yeah, you know, Mr. Annette, you're right about that." Later, Mervin watched Mr. Annette's experienced hand shave a customer.

"Shaving is an art. It's like playing symphonic music. First you warm up and tune your instrument. Then you play the piece, and finally there is the finale and *ta da,*" the barber bowed, "you're done." He wisked away the customer's apron. "And just like playing music, you cannot skimp. You must be precise to do a good job." Then the barber reached into his pocket and retrieved his watch. "Five to eleven. I better get a move on or else I'll be late." As he pulled off his white barber apron he issued Mervin direct orders. "I'm going home for lunch; if anyone comes, I'll be back in an hour. Don't, and I repeat, *do not* do anything but sell candy."

Mervin sat down on a ledge near the front window and gazed into the street. He imagined himself as owner of the store, and he tried on the responsibility for size. He liked it. Glancing around the shop, he caught a glimpse of Mr. Annette's white barber apron. "What could it hurt to put it on for just a minute?" he thought.

So he got up from the ledge, stole across the floor, and slipped it on. Just then the screen door slammed in the entrance, and he was assailed by a feeling he hadn't had since his mother had caught him snitching cookies. Before him stood a large man in a blue pin-stripped suit who was smoking a pipe with a bowl so large that it dropped down even with his whiskered chin. Mervin recognized him from the big, black, expensive-looking Buick parked in front of the shop. He was George Isaac, an extremely rich businessman.

"Is the barber in?" he inquired.

"No sir," Mervin replied shyly. "He's gone to lunch and says he'll be back at twelve."

Mr. Isaac nodded his head once, paused and looked at Mervin. "You work here?" he asked.

"Well, yes sir, ah . . . I work here; it's my first day and, and, I'm just learning."

Mr. Isaac continued to stare. "What's your name, son?"

"Farber, sir."

Mr. Isaac raised his thick black eyebrows. "The one who plays football?"

"Yes, sir."

"I know who you are; you're Adolph's boy, aren't you?"

"Yes sir, that's me."

"Then you shave me," Mr. Isaac said.

Mervin hesitated before he spoke. "Well, sir, I would like to, but Mr. Annette said he would return at twelve and all I'm supposed to do is sell candy."

Mr. Isaac walked across the floor, not hearing a word Mervin was saying, and climbed into the barber chair. "I'm in a hurry, shave me!"

"But sir, I haven't ever shaved anyone before!"

"I don't care! You're an athlete and your father's a blacksmith, and that means you've got talented hands; so shave me!"

Reluctantly Mervin put an apron on his customer and slowly started to mix the lather. "If I can do these things slow enough, maybe the *real* barber will return and rescue me," Mervin thought. Outside the window three little boys watched Mervin mix the lather, and they made faces to taunt him. Mervin tried to ignore the children.

As Mervin waited for the hot towels, Mr. Isaac glanced at his watch. "Hurry up, Farber. I don't have all day," he complained.

"Yes, sir," Mervin responded as he slapped the towels on Mr. Isaac's face. Still the children remained at the window, imitating Mervin as he brushed on the lather and lifted the razor. His employer's words, "Don't do anything but sell candy," rang in his ears. Mr. Isaac fidgited and cleared his throat.

Then Mervin remembered Mr. Annette's music analogy. "First, I will be a violinist," he thought, and he used a razor as if it were a bow to remove the whiskers from the cheeks. "Next, I will be a

drummer." He made short choppy strokes on the upper chin. "Now I will shave as if I were playing the slide trombone," he thought, and he tipped Mr. Isaac's head back, moving the razor like a slide. "And the finale." He used a combination of strokes to complete the shave.

"There you are, Mr. Isaac," Mervin said with relief as he pulled the apron from his customer's shoulders.

"How much do I owe you?" asked Mr. Isaac.

"Twenty cents."

Mr. Isaac ran his hand over his face after he paid. "That's the finest shave I've ever had," he remarked, and he reached into his pocket and handed Mervin a fifty-cent piece. "You are now a barber."

As Mervin accepted the coin he did manage a "Thank-you," despite his surprise. Mr. Isaac smiled and walked out the door.

Ten minutes later, when Mr. Annette returned, he asked, "Was anyone in?"

"Yes, Mr. George Isaac was here."

"When will he return?" the barber asked.

"Well, he won't be back today. He insisted that I shave him, and I did."

"Not George Isaac!" the barber yelled. "He's the hardest man in northwestern Ohio to shave! Oh, my business is ruined! Farber, I ought to . . . ."

"Mr. Annette, now wait a minute; he gave me a tip and told me that the shave was the finest he'd ever had."

Herman Annette blinked his eyes in a more rapid than usual succession, and then he reached for his pocket watch. "Farber," he said, "it's exactly noon. You've got a half an hour, no more and no less, to go to lunch."

Eric Hall ('82)

Rainbow

Cutting Color flies across the sky.
Covenant to the world,
this flash of faith extends into the future.

Radiance falling on gloom,
the path spans into rainy clouds.

Hues melt one another
into cool gray blue,
vague eternity.

Linda Robinson ('83)

Black and White Friend

First Prize, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest

A cane as a companion
or Wink Martindale
the game show host that visits her house
at 9:00

is more intriguing
than the dust that clings
to her furniture

The life of Ruby Spencer
in Port Charles, New York
a soap opera star
from 3:00 until 4:00
mondays through fridays

transforming her small, ramshackle room
into a grand place

through the weak eyes
of a
black and white friend.

Juli Slack ('84)